

ARRIVAL OF RECAPTURED PRIZES.

TRAGEDY OF THE SCH. WARING.

A NEGRO STRIKES FOR FREEDOM.

HE SLAYS THREE OF THE PRIVATEERS AND SAVES THE SHIP.

THRILLING NARRATIVES.

RETURN OF THE BRIG CUBA.

TREESING A MIDDY.

LETTERS FROM THE PRIVATEERS.

MORE PRIVATEERS FITTING OUT.

The schooner S. J. Waring of Brooklyn, Smith, master, having for Montevideo July 14, with an on-board crew, came up to the city yesterday afternoon. On the 14th day out from port, the 7th July, when 150 miles from Sandy Hook, in lat. 38° and long. 69°, she was overtaken by the privateer brig Jeff. Davis, which sent a boat full of men alongside, and ordered the Captain of the schooner to haul down the United States flag and declare her a prize. They took from her a quantity of provisions, and then put on board a prize crew of five men, taking away Capt. Francis Smith, the two mates, and two seamen, leaving the schooner, two mates, and Mr. Bryce Mackinnon, a passenger, on board. The prize crew were Montague Amiel, a Charleston pilot in command, and three men. The schooner was then taken to sea.

They made a very fine run, and on the 16th July, when fifty miles from the southward of Charleston, the prize crew and the second mate being asleep in their berths, the first mate, doing on deck, and the others asleep, Mr. Tiltman, the steward (colored), carried out his preconcerted plan of killing the captain and the two mates with a stick, and throwing the bodies overboard. The ship then ran all day in five minutes; Tiltman taking command, and steering the schooner northward. One of the remaining men was tied up to the next morning, when he was released upon a promise to help work the vessel. Not one on board understood navigation, but having got hold of the land, Tiltman brought the schooner safely up to pilot ground, when Capt. E. V. Waring of the pilot-boat June, took charge of her.

One of the schooner's men, Donald McLeod, refused to assist in her capture, the whole duty falling on the steward and a sailor.

The names of the schooner's men are: Wm. Tiltman, steward; J. Wm. Seeding, seaman, who assisted; Donald McLeod, seaman, who refused.

The prisoners brought here are named James Milnor of Seaboard, Carolina, James Dorsey of New-Jersey, who says he is an innocent sort of person.

The schooner on the vessel. She was built in Port Jervis, N. Y., in 1833, and is owned by James Smith & Co. of this city.

The following interesting particulars obtained from the schooner board, confirming that Capt. Smith and his mates were put by Jeff. Davis on a homeward-bound vessel after their capture, and sent north, arrived at Port Jervis ten days ago.

THE STORY OF Wm. TILTMAN, THE STEWARD.

Wm. Tiltman, a colored man, is the one here in free charge of history. He says that he was born of free parents in Milford, Delaware, and is 27 years of age. His parents moved to Providence, R. I., when he was 14 years old, and he has since called that place his home. He has followed the sea for ten years, and has been in the employ of James Smith & Co., No. 27 Front street, by whom the schooner was owned, for the last three years. He is of medium height, rather stoutly built, crisp hair, of nearly unadorned negro blood, and bears in his countenance an expression of honesty, strong common sense, with some touches of humor.

The schooner S. J. Waring had started on a voyage to Buenos Ayres, in Montevideo, with an on-board crew, which, with the vessel, was valued at \$100,000. There were on board the Captain and mate; Wm. Tiltman, steward; Wm. Seeding, seaman, born in Germany, 23 years of age, has been sailing four years out of New-York; Donald McLeod, seaman, of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, 30 years of age, has been sailing out of New-York for seven or eight years; and Bryce Mackinnon, a passenger.

On the 7th of July they fell in with the Jeff. Davis, and a prize crew of five men were put aboard, who were named. To use the language of Mr. Tiltman, they ran ten days and didn't find Charleston, we were, however, only 50 miles south of Charleston and 100 to the eastward. On the voyage they treated me the best kind of way, and talked the best kind of talk.

One day the first lieutenant of the pirates was sitting in the cabin, cross-legged, smoking, and he said to me, when you go down to Savannah, I want you to go to my house, and I will take care of you. I thought, continued the negro, you will take care of me, when you get me there. I raised my hat, and said: "Yes, Sir, thank you." But afterward I said to Billy (the German), I am not going to Charleston a free man; they take me there dead. He had been told by the prize master that he would get rewarded in Charleston, for performing his duty so well in bringing the schooner in; he had also heard conversation not intended for his ears, in regard to the prize he would probably bring; and he had heard the prize-master say to one of his men: You talk to that steward, and help him in good heart. By G—d, middle the prize-master, he will never see the North again.

Tiltman conferred with two of the men on board, taking possession of the schooner; but they declined adopting any plan, saying that some of them knew how to navigate her back, should they succeed in getting ashore. Tiltman thought the runner over for three days and then made an appeal to the German, and said: "If you are a man to stick to your word, we can take this vessel away." Then we made a plan that I should go to my berth, and when most of them were asleep he would give me some sign, or awaken me. We tried this for two nights, but no good chance offered. But last Tuesday night we caught them asleep, and we went to work. The mate comes to my berth and he touches me. He says, Now is your time. I went into my room and got my hatchet. The first man I struck was the captain. He was lying in a stateroom on the starboard side. I aimed for his temple as near as I could, and hit him just below the ear with the edge of the hatchet. With that he made a very loud shriek. The passenger jumped up very much in a fright. I told him, do you be still; I shall not hurt a hair of your head. The passenger knew what I was up to; he never said a word more. I walked right across the cabin to the second mate's room, and I gave him one severe blow in the mole of the head—that is, right across the middle of his head. I didn't stop to see whether he was dead or no, but I jumped on deck, and as I did so, the mate who had been sleeping on the companion-way, started from the noise he had heard in the cabin, just as he rose upon his feet, I struck him in the back of the head. Then the German ship jumped over, and we "mattered" on to him, and slung him over the starboard quarter.

Marshall Murray—What did you do then?

Tiltman—Then we went down straight into the cabin. The second mate was not quite dead. He was sitting leaning against his berth. I "catched" him by the hair of the head with my left hand, and struck him with the hatchet which I had in my right hand. I told the young German, "Well, let's get him over-

The cleaving of the skull, like the flash from a gun proceeding the report, was followed by a weak, faint cry, like that of a sick child, and the man fell back, striking the floor. I knew then that he was dead. The steward, who was standing by the door, entered the Second Mate's cabin, and once more saw his ax, but not so effectively.

The mate started up with a "G—d—d—n you, don't strike me again," and clutched at the steward's breast, where the "wounded" man he ran on deck, to the mainmast, and then to the wheel-house, and keeping his ax behind him, demanded "what all this noise was about?" The mate who had been accused by the exterior of the captain and mate, had raised himself upon his elbow, and stared at the steward in a half stupid, half fascinated way, not seeing the pistol which Seeding, the man at the helm, had pointed at him for use in case of necessity. As he turned his face toward the steward, the latter drove his weapon home into the base of his skull. Stepping and the steward then tumbled him overboard. He rose on the wave, with a hoarse cry, when about two lengths astern, the water having raised him; but he must have soon gone down to his long account.

Then the steward came down to the cabin, where I still stood, while Seeding stood, pistol in hand, to guard the deck. The captain's faintly twice to me by name, "Help me—help me" but he was past help. Another swishing blow of the ax, and he did not repeat the cry. Then the steward returned to the second mate's cabin, where seated on a pile of starch boxes, his legs drawn up, and his head between his knees, was the half-stupified man. Again and again the ax fell, and again and again the cry "Don't do that!" fell on my ear, each time fainter than the last. Stepping now came down, and the Steward and he took the corpse of the Captain by the feet, and dragging it up the companion-way, tossed it overboard. Meantime I had got some iron out, hoping to intercede to save bloodshed. Stepping and the Steward once more came down, and each taking the Second Mate by the shoulder led him out from the place where he had crouched on the starch boxes. He seemed to walk, with their assistance, as they went up the companion-way, but his head lay a pulp mass upon his shoulder, and a moment after a loud splash alongside told the fate of another of the privateers.

There were three persons on board who knew nothing of all this. The two privateer sailors, and Donald McLeod, one of our sailors, whom I subsequently learned would not join the Steward and Seeding in the attempt to recapture the vessel. Handling me by the pistol, Stepping went forward and roared Minor, the South Carolinian, a young man of two or three and twenty, from his sleep at the foot of the mainmast and called him aft. No seeing his comrade when he came into the cabin, he was much frightened, and begged for his life. The Steward told him he would not kill him, but from him, and his fate must depend upon his good behavior; he wanted to split as little blood as possible. He willingly held out his wrists for the iron. They then went forward to the fore-cabin and called the other privateer, Dorsey. Upon learning the condition of affairs he begged for his life, which they promised to spare if he would assist in working the ship and be true and faithful to all of which he agreed.

The steward took command, and the schooner headed for the North, with a fair wind. None of us knew anything of navigation, but we trusted to good fortune and the land to enable us to make our course. The South Carolinian was released from his next morning, and proved a very useful and willing fellow in working the ship. On Friday, the 19th, at 8 o'clock in the morning, we made the land, which became quite distinct by noon, and we kept on our way with good weather, sounding our way as we went. Of course we had to be vigilant.

Two of our hands might turn upon us at any moment, and McLeod was not faithful; for three days before we got in he went forward and slept with a quantity of flour, several oil-cans, a tub of butter, some cases of preserved lobsters, and other articles, together with all the firearms which they could find, but a single-barreled pistol belonging to myself, and another owned by Wm. Seeding, one of our crew.

Having sent their boat full of stuff off, they returned with a prize crew consisting of a prize-master, mate and second mate, and two men, taking in exchange for them Capt. Smith of Brooklyn; T. J. Smith, first mate, of New-York; T. Davidson, second mate, and two seamen. The prize crew consisted of Montague Amiel, a Charleston pilot, prize-master; Stephen, mate, an Irishman, who had been in this country about ten years ago, but had been at sea since until nine months ago, when he returned, and three sailors, one of whom acted as second mate and slept in the cabin; the other two were hands, whose names are James Milnor, of South Carolina, and James Dorsey, of Pt. Pleasant, N. J. There were, therefore, on the schooner the prize crew of five; Wm. Tiltman, the colored steward of the vessel; Wm. Seeding and Donald McLeod, seamen, and myself; of the original party, four—nine persons in all.

The schooner was headed for Charleston, or some inlet on the coast near that port. We were not put in fear, but were used with as much kindness as we could expect. The Steward continued to cook and provide for us, and our men worked the vessel. I became quite intimate with the officers, and expected soon to be a prisoner of war in Charleston, though we hoped that we might fall in with a United States vessel, and be rescued from our captors. Thus we got along quietly on our way Southward, till Tuesday, the 16th inst., when we were 50 miles south and 100 miles west of port, and thought we might get in the next day.

What followed, I did not anticipate. It is true that, now when I look back, I remember that Amiel had congratulated himself upon the valuable prize he had found in the steward, whom he vowed was worth a cool thousand on Market Street, Charleston. And I further remember that on several occasions Tiltman, the steward, shook his head and muttered, "Dem fo's nigger got to Charleston!" but I supposed then that he was expecting, like the rest of us, to meet with a friend in one of Uncle Sam's cruisers.

It was a bright moonlight night, was that of Tuesday, so pleasant that I remained on deck till 11 p. m., later than I usually did. The steward had turned in at 8, as was his habit. Our trunk cabin projected about three feet above the main deck, and was entered by a companion way in the middle of the forward end. When I went down, the mate was nodding on the cabin roof, just in front of the wheel, in a half-recumbent position. Behind him stood William Seeding, one of our old crew, at the wheel. Milnor, the South Carolinian, lay asleep on a pile of sails at the foot of the foremast. McLeod, another of our men, with Dorsey, the Jerseyman, were asleep in the fore-cabin. The cabin lamp was burning on the table when I went below, and Captain Amiel lay snoring in his berth, sound asleep in his stateroom. In the starboard room on the other side of the cabin slept the steward and second mate, the former on top, the latter in the second berth, the third and lowest sleeping-place being unoccupied.

The weather being sultry the doors of the staterooms had been taken off, so that not only were the rooms open from the cabin, but my room, in the rear of the Captain's, opened into his, the door between being also down. I took my coat and vest off very lazily, and saw the wall-to-wall draught of cherry brandy being getting into bed, so that I should think it was 11:10 when I retired. It could not have been more than 10 minutes later when I was awakened from a light sleep by a peculiar sound in the captain's room, which I knew instinctively could only have been produced by an exhaling Amiel's snore. No sooner did I hear, and leaning against the door-casing in the partition, saw the Steward drag through the twilight—for he had extinguished the light—noiseless as an cat, across the cabin toward the second mate's room. I also saw, at the same glance, Capt. Amiel rise from his berth, and attempt to follow him; but the blood blinded him, and he fell to the floor, with a horrid gurgling sound in his throat. All this was but the work of a second,

THE SCHOONER.

The cabin of the schooner is replete with testimony of the late transaction, a part of the bed clothes and bedding being saturated with blood. Mr. Mackinnon says that a painful blood must have come from the two men. There are the remnants of a beautiful American ensign which had floated from the Waring, but had been appropriated by the pirates and turned up to make a disunion flag. The hatchet used was an ordinary one, which was kept for the purpose of chopping wood.

The schooner was boarded by T. R. A. Locke, Receiving-Officer at the Quarantine Station, and by Noad, Sullivan, and Guerrier of the Harbor Police. She now lies off the Battery, under the charge of Coxswain Daniels, and crew. The Harbor Police gave all the men into the charge of Marshal Murray at the Harbor Police Station last evening, and Deputy Marshals Sheehan and Lee took the crew to the House of Detention, and the two prisoners were taken to Police Headquarters. They will be brought up for examination to-day.

THE PRISONERS.

Milnor, the South Carolinian, says that his father is dead, and that his mother keeps a hotel in Charleston. He states also that he has an aunt residing in Irving-place, in this city. He has followed the sea for a living.

James E. Dorsey, of Point Pleasant, New-Jersey, says that he was cook of the steamer Stag that was seized at Chatawa, Florida; that he was there seized by the Rebels, and was sent to Cedar Keys, Florida, to cook for Confederate troops. From there he shipped to Savannah, Georgia, where he had to run in debt for his board, and eventually the boarding-house keeper shipped him, no longer a cook, and he was sent to Charleston, and immediately put on board the privateer Jeff. Davis, lying in the stream.

LETTERS FROM THE PRIVATEERS OF JEFF.

THE LETTERS, of which the following are true copies, are confided to Capt. Amiel, to be delivered in Charleston; and as it is not probable that he will be able to fulfill his mission, we print them for the benefit of those concerned:

DEAR SIR: I send you these few lines by the prize taken yesterday morning. I have written you by each of the others, in the hope that one, at least, of the three may reach you. I am exceedingly sorry to hear of your departure, and I am sure you will be glad to hear of mine. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. D. DORSEY.

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watching us, and had been behind us all the time. On the 20th of June the Brooklyn went off to a vessel, taken by us to be a British ship, and we crossed the Bar at precisely 12 o'clock. The instant we were noticed the Brooklyn gave chase. She was at first four miles astern; she followed us until 4 o'clock, when, having fallen astern ten miles, she headed about. We were ordered at once to give three cheers for the Southern Confederacy, and did so, some of those aboard following very loud.

The Sumter is a propeller, bark-rigged, a fine boat, 300 to 400 tons burden, and running about 16 knots an hour. She traded first to the West India Islands, and the first light we made was Cape Antonio, Cuba. We overhauled a Spanish brig, and next day captured the Golden Rocket, from Havana, bound to Cienfuegos. The latter belonged to Bangor.

No ceremony was made; the crew and captain—13 all told, 10 being Spaniards—were ordered aboard the Sumter, and directed to bring everything they had with them, nothing of which should be molested. Some time in the night the ship was set on fire. This was about 40 miles off Cienfuegos. We then started on, and on the morning of the 4th of July overhauled the brig Cuba and the brig Machias, both in charter by the same charter-master, a New-Yorker, and both loaded with sugar.

Night guards were put aboard at 7 o'clock, 4 men on the Cuba, and 1 officer and 5 men on the Machias. Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning a hawser broke, and the Machias was set adrift. They put up all sails on her, and hailed the steamer again, which then turned as adrift and took her in tow. We were told to follow to Cienfuegos, but lost sight of her, and on the 6th put about for Florida. On the 8th or 9th the men were lying down in the middle of the day, and their arms were laid in a position where they could get them. The captain and his first officer then seized the arms, and the prize crew made little demonstration.

Lieut. Hedges wrote in the log that he had not men enough to man the ship, and that he intended to give her up to the Captain, who was to put the prize crew ashore at a certain point.

At New-Orleans they were fitting out the tug Yankee, and had a crew on board; also the propeller McRae, formerly the General Merriman. The fast-tanned Ivy was plying between New-Orleans, the fort and the delta, as a passenger and look-out boat, having five little guns aboard, one of them a rifled Armstrong gun mounted as a stern chaser.

There was no business going on whatever, all dead; nothing but soldiers in the street. River steamboats had all stopped, except an occasional one to Memphis and Vicksburg. There were about 300 men aboard of the Star of the West, of whom may be 25 or 30 were impressed. There were only a few sailors, but they had all been hard up had nothing to eat, and were in that way compelled to go to the shipping office.

LOG OF THE CUBA.

The log of the Cuba is to the effect that at 7:30 on the morning of the 4th of July she was boarded and the Captain and his papers transferred to the Sumter. At 1 o'clock the Captain returned on board, and the Cuba was taken in tow as a prize. On the morning of the 5th, at 8 o'clock, a prize crew of five well armed men was put on board. On the 6th the leader of the pirates told Capt. Stuart that if he gave any more orders he would shoot him; that he would tie all hands and order a sally of the cabin every night.

The next day the same officer said he should insist on going to some Southern port. 8th July—All these 24 hours the breeze from the east and clear weather. Still in the hands of the pirates. On this day, about 2:30 p. m., we took the swords and pistols from the prisoners, and they swore vengeance on all hands. But we put them in irons, and that settled them. But two of the pirates aboard the Costa Rica. On the 9th the pirates were secured apart—one being put forward, and the other two in the cabin.

On the 11th, one of the men had his chest open, and the middleman got hold of a pistol and went up in the rigging, and threatened the Captain that if he went below he would shoot him. In reply, the Captain told him to come down, or he would shoot. The order not being promptly obeyed, the Captain fired, wounding him slightly in the arm. This brought him down, and to terms. No further difficulty occurred on the return.

From California.

PORT KENNEDY, Friday, July 19, 1861.

The Pony Express passed here at 4 p. m. The San Francisco Convention, completed its labors at Sacramento yesterday, having nominated the following ticket, which is not regarded as a very strong one outside of the party supporting it: Governor, John Conners; Lieutenant-Governor, Richard Irvine; Secretary, Joseph McCall; Judge of the Supreme Court, B. S. Whitman; Clerk of the Supreme Court, George S. Evans; Surveyor-General, Joseph Gardner; Controller, Joseph E. Nuttman; State Printer, John R. Ridge. This ticket was carried by what was called the Broderick element in the Convention. The Broderick element, however, did not carry out its making nominations, it is understood will reassemble and make nominations for all the State offices, for the purpose of defeating the Union Democracy, and thus opening the way to reorganize an old-fashioned Democratic party, which will include all wings. The Union Democracy, however, has been the main reliance of the Republicans for carrying the State at the ensuing election.

A fire broke out on the 3d of July at Myrtleville in Cal. County, on the east side of G. street, opposite the United States Hotel. Before the fire could be extinguished, it had consumed the value of \$25,000 or \$30,000.

The prospecting party which left this city some months since to visit the Potosi and other mines in the Gila River, have returned loaded down with specimens of gold, silver, and lead. The mineral wealth of the section is apparently rich, and the early winter season, when the bottom lands of the Gila River are replete with the bottom of the greatest fertility, opening a fine field for agriculturists.

A fire at Stockton on the 8th consumed the "Avenue" on Webster avenue, and some large buildings, including the stock yards, and a portion of the San Joaquin Brewery.

The steamer Cortez arrived here last night from the Columbia, bringing papers from Portland, Oregon, and the 10th of July. Independence Day was celebrated at Portland with great enthusiasm. Delicacies were served from Marion, Yam Hill, Washington, Clackamas, and Clatsop Counties, and from Washington Territory. A fine display of fireworks took place in the evening, which was witnessed by upward of 7,000 people.

The present season has been the most remarkable for rain ever known in Oregon. Instead of turning warm and dry in April, the rainy season has lasted up to the present month. The consequence is that the grass and vegetation are luxuriant, and cattle and horses are fat and healthy. The cold and chilly rainy weather, which early in the season it appeared would be the early winter, is now being attained, and a growth of straw as to endanger its length.

ARRIVED 20th, ship Dictator, Hong Kong; 21st, ship Moonlight, Hong Kong; 22nd, ship Dictator, Hong Kong; 23rd, ship Moonlight, Hong Kong; 24th, ship Dictator, Hong Kong; 25th, ship Moonlight, Hong Kong; 26th, ship Dictator, Hong Kong; 27th, ship Moonlight, Hong Kong; 28th, ship Dictator, Hong Kong; 29th, ship Moonlight, Hong Kong; 30th, ship Dictator, Hong Kong; 31st, ship Moonlight, Hong Kong.

STATEMENT OF JOHN DONNELLY AND JOHN O'BRIEN.

The former was born in Wisconsin, and the latter in Ireland, both having sojourned in New-Orleans about six months when they were visited by some of the "Tiger Rifles," armed with revolvers, and muskets, and slung-shots, &c., who put them aboard the receiving-ship Star of the West, anchored off Algiers, which is opposite New-Orleans. They were never allowed to go ashore, and were kept there for nearly a month. The Sumter went once on a trial trip up the river. When transferred to her, about 140 others were aboard, and they immediately started to the Government Arsenal and got some powder, after which they sailed for Pass l'Ouvre. They anchored in a tide bay about nine miles from the Bar, and finally started again.

Not seeing the United States vessel Brooklyn around we were about passing directly east. The people generally regarded the blockade as effective, and our officers were on the lookout, having occasionally a man at the mast-head. We found that the Brooklyn was

watching us, and had been behind us all the time. On the 20th of June the Brooklyn went off to a vessel, taken by us to be a British ship, and we crossed the Bar at precisely 12 o'clock. The instant we were noticed the Brooklyn gave chase. She was at first four miles astern; she followed us until 4 o'clock, when, having fallen astern ten miles, she headed about. We were ordered at once to give three cheers for the Southern Confederacy, and did so, some of those aboard following very loud.

The Sumter is a propeller, bark-rigged, a fine boat, 300 to 400 tons burden, and running about 16 knots an hour. She traded first to the West India Islands, and the first light we made was Cape Antonio, Cuba. We overhauled a Spanish brig, and next day captured the Golden Rocket, from Havana, bound to Cienfuegos. The latter belonged to Bangor.

of Mr. Sym, a gunman possessing considerable property who was killed on that road in consequence of a defective rail throwing the train in which he was traveling off the track, the jury found a verdict for \$65,000, being \$5,000 for the widow, and \$7,500 each for eight children.

REBEL FRIENDSHIP.—A correspondent of The Locomotive, Conservative, writing from Camp Washington, near Clinton, says of an aged man and a slaveholder—but a strong and honest Union man, bold and fearless, who never faltered in pouring out his indignation against Jackson and his co- Rebels: One night about twenty drunken wretches came to this good old man's house, dragged him out of his bed, carried him into the forest, where they tied and blindfolded him, and then informed him that he was charged with high treason against Governor Jackson, and disloyalty against the State of Missouri, for which he would then be hanged. But the brave old man resolutely refused to comply with their terms, and asserted that that he would die first. "Well then," replied the leader of these devils incarnate, "die you shall, you damned old Abolition dog." And six demons stepped back, leveled their rifles at the staunch old hero; six balls entered his head and heart, and the noble soul of the grey-haired veteran took its flight.

CRUISE OF THE INDIQUOIN.—Mr. Charles E. Warren of the pilot-boat No. 1, boarded the United States gunboat Iniquo on the 19th, forty miles east south-east of Sandy Hook. All well. She had been on a cruise off Nantucket, and would proceed in that direction again.

A PHYSICIAN TO BE HUNG.—Dr. James Patterson, of Clarendonville, Canada, had his trial last week, and was sentenced to be hung, on a charge of murdering a young girl of that town, named Olive Searis, in an attempt to hide her shame from the world.

DIED.

BLACK.—At Washington, D. C., on Friday, July 19, Edmund J. F. Black, a member of Company E, 14th Regiment N. Y. M. I., died at 10 o'clock. He was 30 years of age. His funeral will take place at No. 35 Johnson street, Brooklyn, on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without any further notice.

BAKER.—On Sunday morning, July 21, of droopy, Caroline E. Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Baker, died at 10 o'clock. She was 10 years of age. Her funeral will take place from the residence of her father, at No. 41 Seventh street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, July 22, at 3 o'clock. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without any further notice.

EARLE.—In this city, on Sunday, July 21, Willis Earle, infant son of Wm. H. and Alice Earle, aged 1 month and 21 days, died at 10 o'clock. His funeral will take place from the residence of his grandfather, Thos. F. Earle, No. 12 West 17th street, Brooklyn, on Monday, July 22, at 3 o'clock. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without any further notice.

GARDNER.—In Brooklyn, E. D., on Friday, July 19, Mr. Wm. Gardner, in the 36th year of his age, died at 10 o'clock. His funeral will take place from the residence of his father, at No. 35 Johnson street, Brooklyn, on Monday, July 22, at 3 o'clock. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without any further notice.

HUBBELL.—On Saturday, July 20, after a lingering illness, Hubbell, a member of Company E, 14th Regiment N. Y. M. I., died at 10 o'clock. He was 30 years of age. His funeral will take place at No. 35 Johnson street, Brooklyn, on Monday, July 22, at 3 o'clock. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without any further notice.

HARVEY.—At his residence, No. 406 Cherry street, on Saturday morning, July 20, of consumption, James Harvey, in the 23d year of his age, died at 10 o'clock. His funeral will take place from the residence of his father, at No. 406 Cherry street, Brooklyn, on Monday, July 22, at 3 o'clock. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without any further notice.

HENDERSON.—In this city, on Saturday, July 20, after a short and severe illness, Isaac Henderson, in the 61st year of his age, died at 10 o'clock. His funeral will take place from the residence of his father, at No. 35 Johnson street, Brooklyn, on Monday, July 22, at 3 o'clock. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without any further notice.

MATTHEWS.—On Sunday morning, July 21, Hatty C. Matthews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Matthews, died at 10 o'clock. She was 10 years of age. Her funeral will take place from the residence of her father, at No. 41 Seventh street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, July 22, at 3 o'clock. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without any further notice.

McLEAN.—In this city, on Sunday, July 21, Wm. H. McLean, in the 31st year of his age, died at 10 o'clock. His funeral will take place from the residence of his father, at No. 35 Johnson street, Brooklyn, on Monday, July 22, at 3 o'clock. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without any further notice.

McTIGUE.—In this city, on Friday, July 19, Ann McTigue, in the 30th year of her age, died at 10 o'clock. Her funeral will take place from the residence of her father, at No. 35 Johnson street, Brooklyn, on Monday, July 22, at 3 o'clock. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without any further notice.